



SHOWCASE 95

# SUPERGIRL

12  
OF TWELVE  
DECEMBER  
US \$2.95  
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7

MAITRESSE: THE SHADE



THEY  
COME FROM  
ALL OVER THE  
CAROLINAS JUST  
TO CATCH A GLIMPSE  
OF HER-A GOLDEN-  
HAired VISION OF  
RED AND  
BLUE.

VISITING  
TOWN FOR ONLY  
A WEEK, SHE'S ALL  
THE TALK OF  
CHARLOTTE, FROM  
DAVIDSON TO  
UNION CITY.

THIS IS  
CHANNEL NINE'S  
CYNTHIA DRUM,  
BRINGING YOU LIVE,  
FIRST-ON-THE-SCENE  
COVERAGE OF ANOTHER  
SPECTACULAR SIGHTING  
OF THE SO-CALLED  
MAIDEN OF STEEL,  
CHARLOTTE'S OWN-

# SUPERGIRL

AWW,  
MAN, WHEN  
THAT CABLE  
SNAPPED, I JUST  
KNEW WE  
WERE BUG  
JUICE!

HANG  
TIGHT, GUYS.  
YOU'RE  
NOT DOWN  
YET.

## RUST NEVER SLEEPS

story: Charles Moore  
pencils: Phil Jimenez  
inks: Howard Shum  
color: Dave Grafe  
letters: Ken Bruzenak  
asst. editor: Chris Duffy  
editor: Frank Pittarese

THIS  
CONSTRUCTION  
SITE IS LIKE  
MANY AROUND  
THE CITY--

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--EVIDENCE  
OF CHARLOTTE'S RECOVERY  
FROM THE ATTACK SEVERAL  
WEEKS AGO BY THE ALIEN  
ENTITY KNOWN ONLY AS  
LORD DICHON.

IT WAS DURING  
SUPERGIRL'S FIRST VISIT  
THAT SHE STOPPED THE ALIEN'S  
DESTRUCTIVE BID TO STRIP-  
MINE THE COLLEGE STREET  
BUSINESS DISTRICT.



IT WAS THERE  
DICHON SOUGHT POTENTIALLY  
PRICELESS CRYSTALS OF NON-  
EARTHLY ORIGIN, ACCORDING TO  
SCIENTISTS AT THE LOCAL  
BONCHAEER LABS.

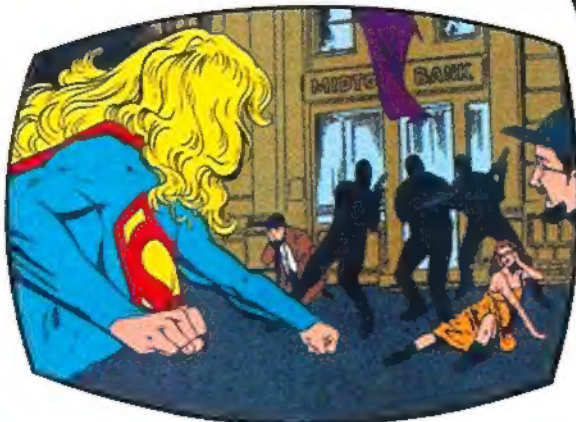
THEY SPECULATE  
THE MATERIALS WERE TIED TO  
THE RECENT INFUX OF XENO-  
TECHNOLOGY UNCOVERED BY  
THE TELEVISION SUPER-HERO  
TEAM, BLOOD PACK.

SINCE  
RETURNING EARLIER  
THIS WEEK, SUPERGIRL  
HAS BEEN ON A NON-  
STOP HEROIC  
SPREE...

... FIGHTING  
EVERYTHING FROM  
HIGHRISE FIRES TO  
BANK ROBBERIES.



AND ALTHOUGH  
SOME CRITICS DEBATE  
WHETHER SUPERGIRL HAS  
BROUGHT TROUBLE  
WITH HER, ONE THING  
IS CERTAIN...









HI.  
WE'VE GOT  
A PROBLEM!  
GEEZ! DON'T YOU  
EVER SLEEP?  
YOU LOOK  
TERRIBLE!

UH,  
SORRY.  
DUMB THING  
TO SAY,  
HUH?



MMMM-  
MMMMM.

LOOK,  
HITCH, I APPRECIATE  
BONEDAGGER'S HELP IN  
STOPPING DICHON, BUT  
AS YOU'VE SO NICELY  
POINTED OUT, I'VE BEEN  
UP ALL WEEK.

I  
DON'T  
HAVE  
TIME TO  
PLAY.



I SWEAR  
THIS IS LEGIT, SUPERGIRL.  
IT'S ABOUT DICHON'S SHIP.  
MOST OF IT VAPORIZED  
AFTER YOU GUYS FOUGHT-

"--BUT PIECES OF IT  
CRASHED INTO A BUILDING  
CROSSTOWN.

"LUCKILY, IT WAS ABANDONED...  
UNTIL THIS WEEK. THE CITY'S  
BEEN CLEARING IT FOR--GET  
THIS--A WATER MAIN!

"ON AN ALIEN  
CRASH SITE!

"IT NEEDS TO BE  
QUARANTINED, BUT  
THE CITY WON'T LET  
US THINK ABOUT  
TOUCHING IT.

"GUESS THEY STILL  
BLAME US FOR DICHON  
COMING IN THE FIRST  
PLACE.



"PLEASE, SUPERGIRL,  
YOU'VE GOT TO HELP  
US. THERE'S NO  
TELLING WHAT KINDS  
OF ALIEN COOTIES  
WERE ON THAT SHIP.



I  
PROMISE,  
HITCH, IF  
YOU'RE  
WASTING MY  
TIME...

TESTY,  
TESTY. YOU DO NEED  
REST. NO OFFENSE,  
SUPERGIRL, BUT IT'S  
MAKING ME TIRED SEE-  
ING YOU ON THE LOCAL  
NEWS 24-7.

NOT  
THAT I'M  
PRETENDING  
TO KNOW  
YOU THAT  
WELL...

WHICH  
YOU  
DON'T.

BUT  
EVERYBODY NEEDS  
SOME DOWN TIME. YOU  
SHOULDN'T LET THE  
FOLKS AROUND HERE  
TAKE ADVANTAGE  
OF YOU.

BUT  
I LIKE  
WHAT I  
DO.

MAYBE  
IT'S JUST THE  
'S' ON MY CHEST,  
BUT THE PEOPLE  
HERE REALLY SEEM  
TO LIKE...MR.

SEE?  
YOU'RE  
DOZZING  
OFF!

AND  
LOOK AT THOSE  
EYES! NEVER  
THOUGHT  
SHAPE-  
CHANGERS  
GOT  
CROW'S  
FEET!

IT'S  
A LONG  
WAY  
DOWN,  
HITCH.

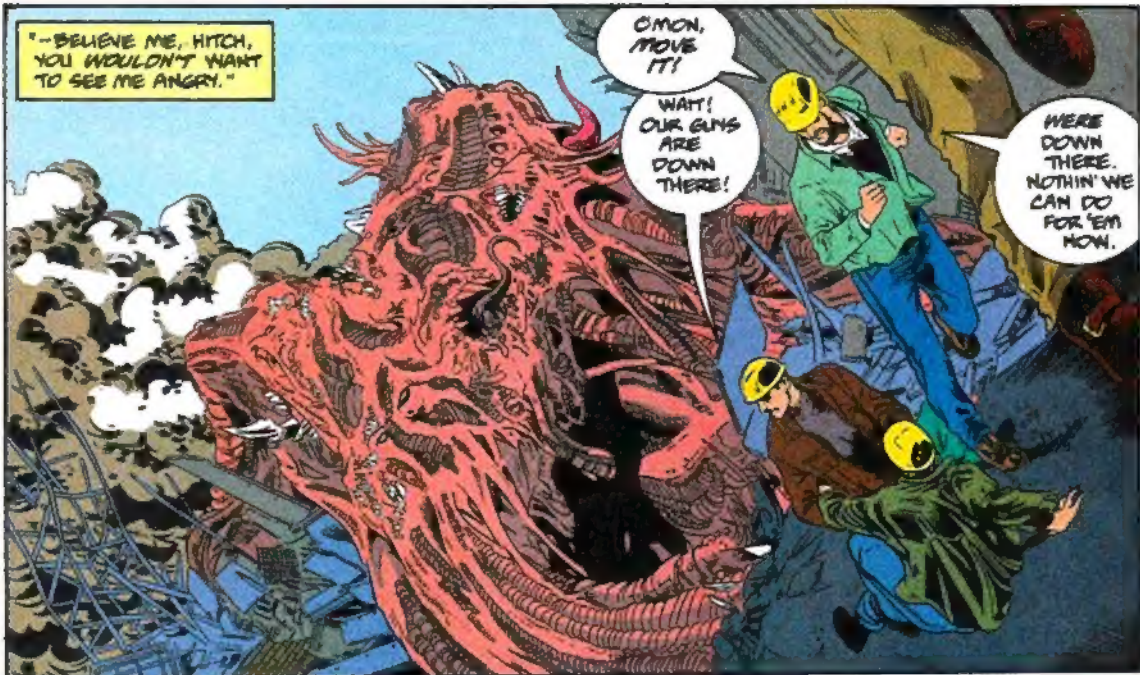
HE  
DOESN'T  
UNDERSTAND.  
HOW COULD  
HE?

FOR THE  
FIRST TIME, I  
HAVE A PLACE  
WHERE I CAN  
ESTABLISH MYSELF  
OUTSIDE OF CLARK'S  
SHADOW.

YOU  
WOULDN'T.

TRY  
ME.





"--BELIEVE ME, HITCH,  
YOU WOULDN'T WANT  
TO SEE ME ANGRY."

OMON,  
MOVE  
IT!

WAIT!  
OUR GUNS  
ARE DOWN  
THERE!

WERE  
DOWN  
THERE.  
NOTHIN' WE  
CAN DO  
FOR 'EM  
NOW.



WHOA!  
I THOUGHT I  
LEFT THIS STUFF  
BEHIND WHEN  
I LEFT  
METROPOLIS.

SOME  
KINDA ACID  
MONSTER...EATIN'  
THROUGH METAL  
LIKE NOBODY'S  
BUSINESS.

C'OMON!  
OMON! SEAT  
BELTS  
JAMMED!



MAN,  
IF I WAS  
BACK HOME,  
THIS WOULD  
BE A JOB  
FOR...

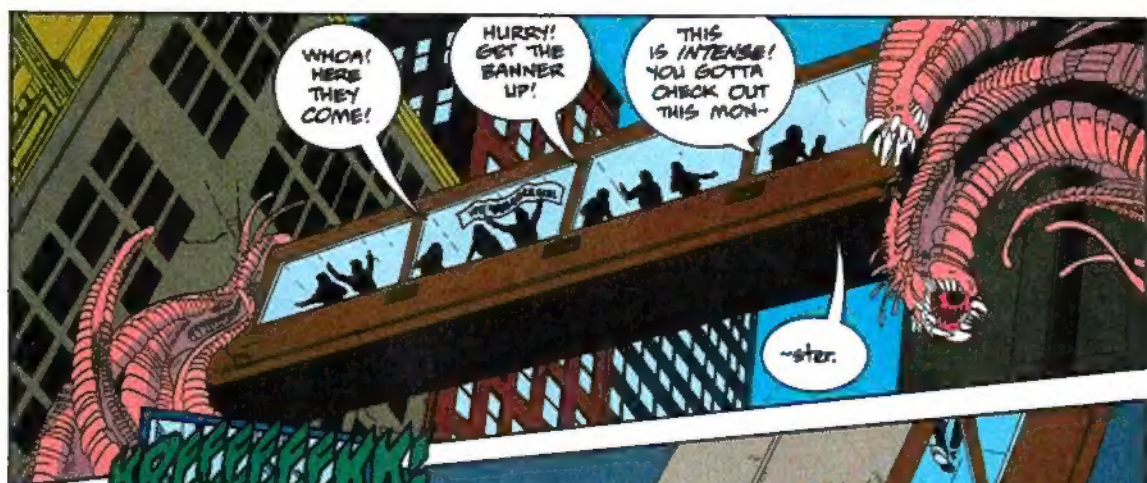




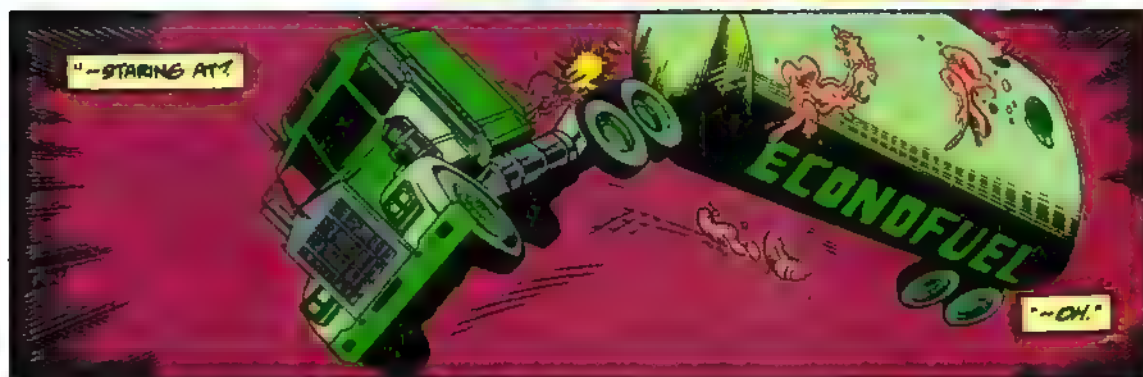
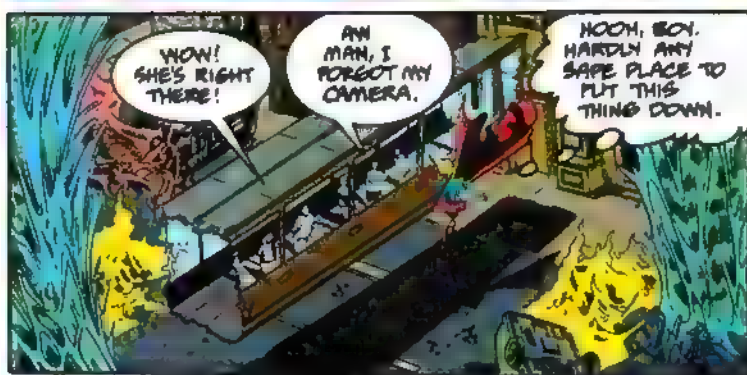
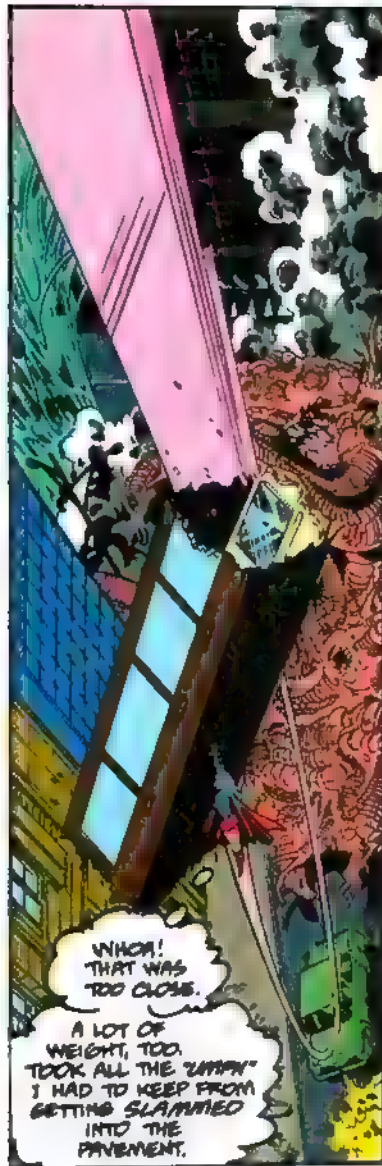








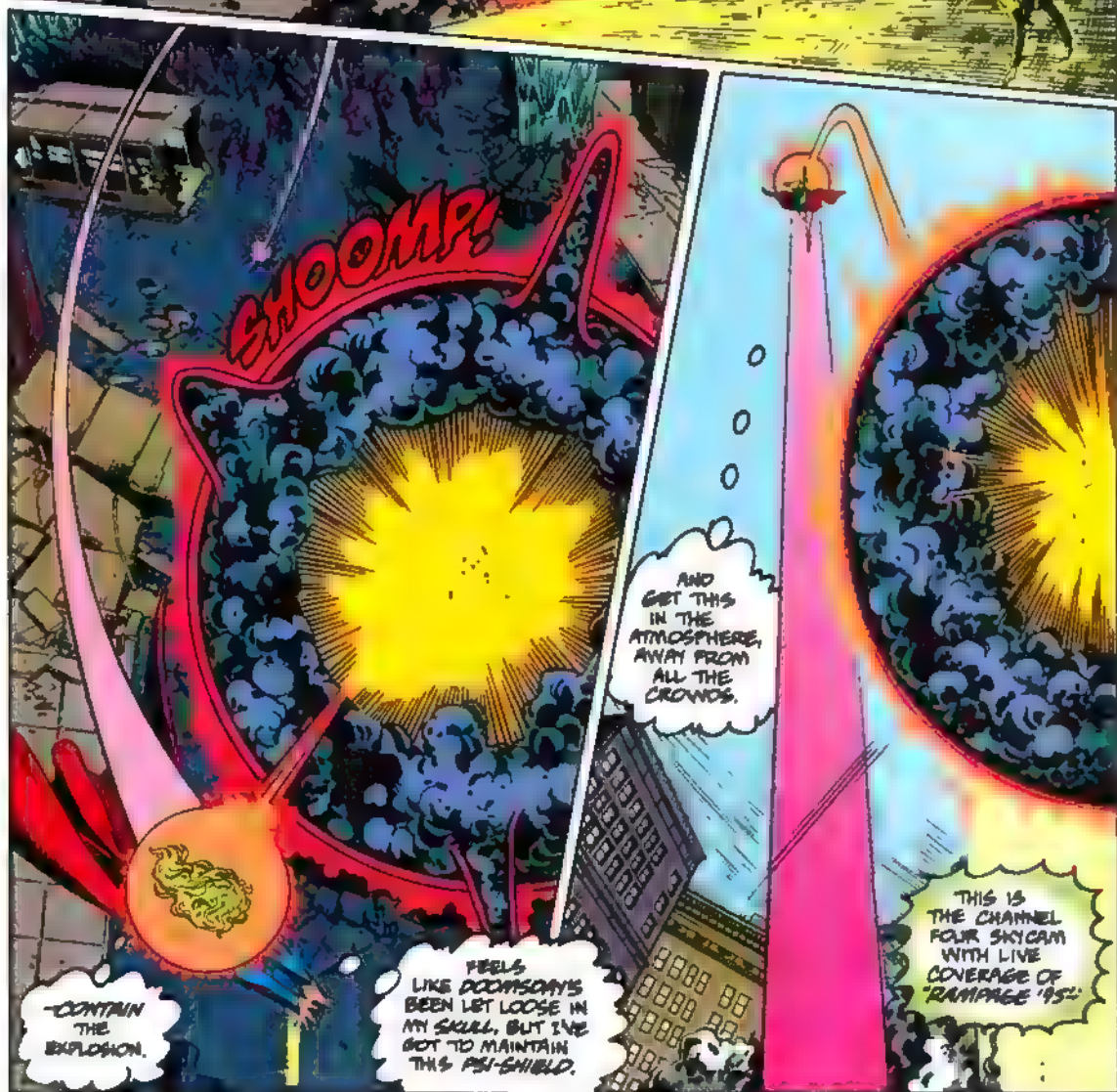








ALL THESE  
PEOPLE! HOW  
AM I GOING  
TO-



SHOOMP!

AND  
GET THIS  
IN THE  
ATMOSPHERE,  
AWAY FROM  
ALL THE  
CROWDS.

-CONTAIN  
THE  
EXPLOSION.

FEELS  
LIKE DOOMSDAY'S  
BEEN LET LOOSE IN  
MY SKULL, BUT I'VE  
GOT TO MAINTAIN  
THIS PSI-SHIELD.

THIS IS  
THE CHANNEL  
FOUR SKYCAM  
WITH LIVE  
COVERAGE OF  
'RAMPAGE '95'





GET BACK! I CAN'T HOLD IT MUCH LONGER!

AND WAIT! THERE SHE IS, WITH THE MONSTER CLOSE BY. WE'RE GOING IN FOR A CLOSER LOOK.



CLOSER GUNS, CLOSER... LITTLE MORE...

SUPERHERO!-! RON PROCTOR, CHANNEL TWELVE. CAN YOU GIVE US AN IDEA OF WHO OR WHAT THIS MONSTER MIGHT BE?

NO! YOU DON'T UNDER-

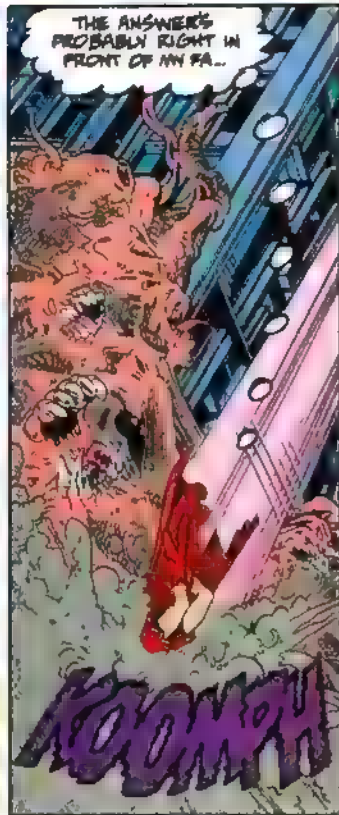
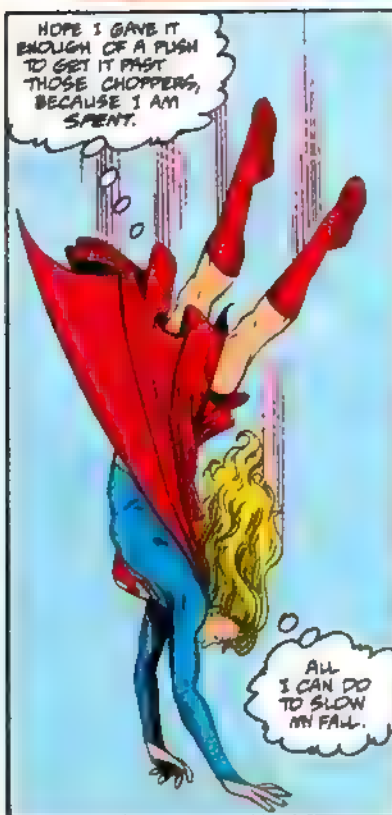
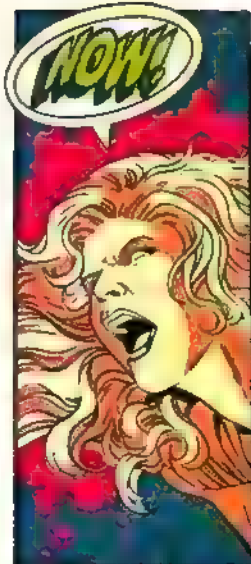
OBTAINING CHARLOTTE ISN'T USED TO CRUISES SUCH AS THIS. WHAT CAN THE AVERAGE CITIZEN DO AT A TIME LIKE THIS?



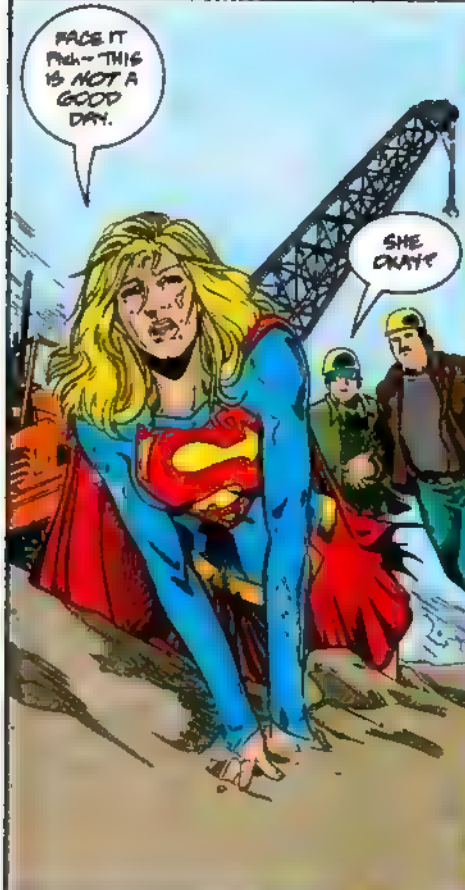
FOR YOUR OWN GOOD... GET OUT OF MY WAY.

SURELY, WE COULD HELP YOU WITH SOME-

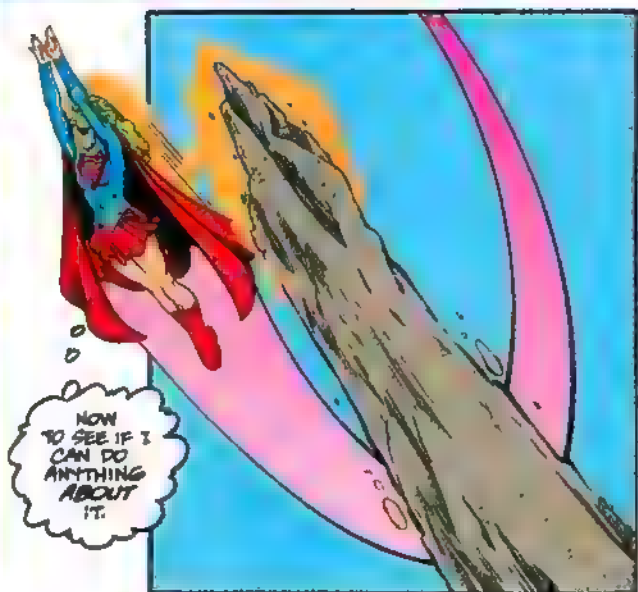
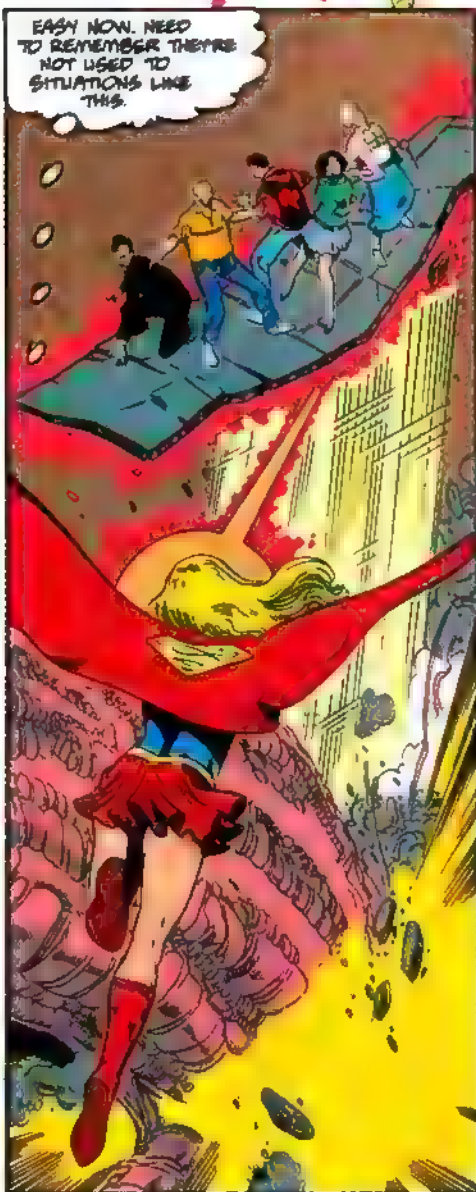
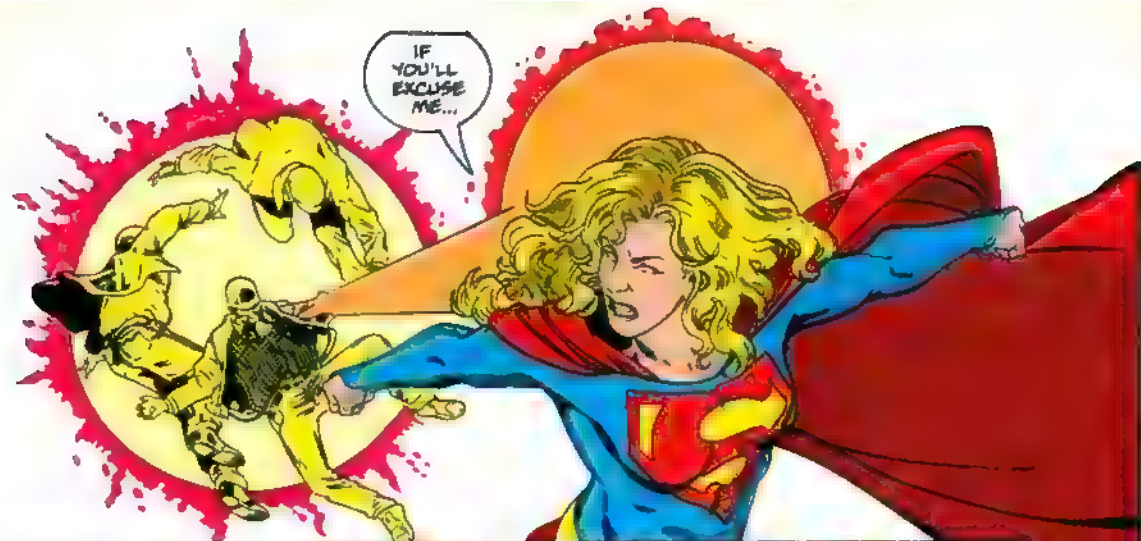




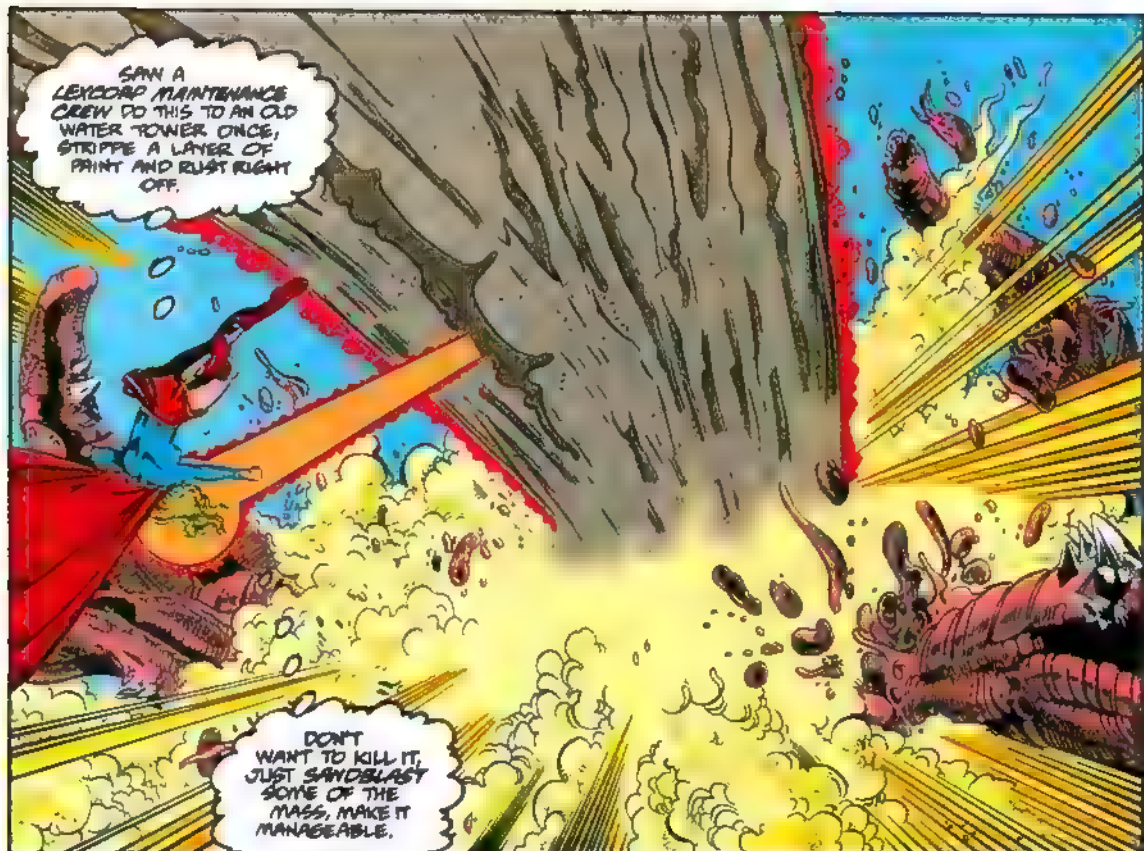










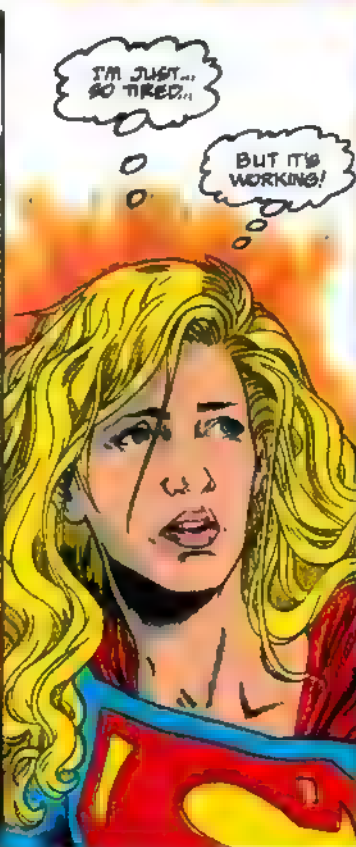


SAN A  
LEXCORP MAINTENANCE  
CREW DO THIS TO AN OLD  
WATER TOWER ONCE,  
STRIPPE A LAYER OF  
PRINT AND RUST RIGHT  
OFF.

DON'T  
WANT TO KILL IT,  
JUST SAWDBLAST  
SOME OF THE  
MASS, MAKE IT  
MANAGEABLE.

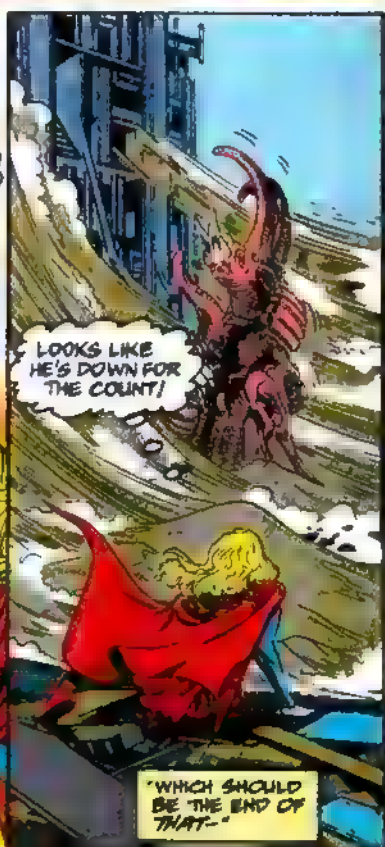


THAT  
THING MAY NOT  
BE TOO FAR  
FROM BEING MY  
BIOLOGICAL  
COUSIN.



I'M JUST...  
SO TIRED.

BUT IT'S  
WORKING!



LOOKS LIKE  
HE'S DOWN FOR  
THE COUNT!

"WHICH SHOULD  
BE THE END OF  
THAT."



-AND I THINK YOUR "LIVING RUST" THEORY HOLDS UP PRETTY WELL, SUPERGIRL. GONNA NEED SOME MAJOR STUDY, THOUGH.

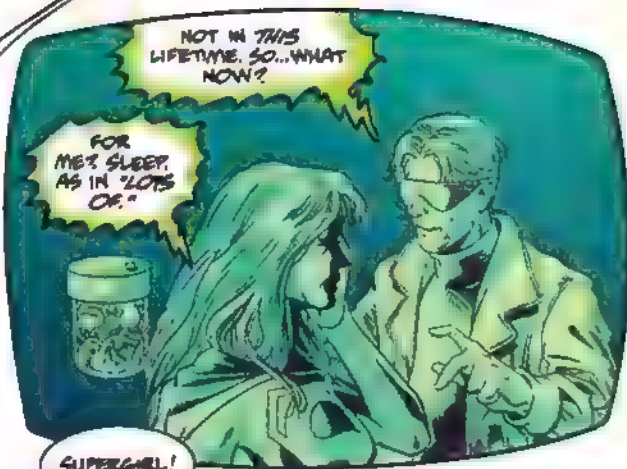
SURE YOU TRUST ME WITH THIS THING?



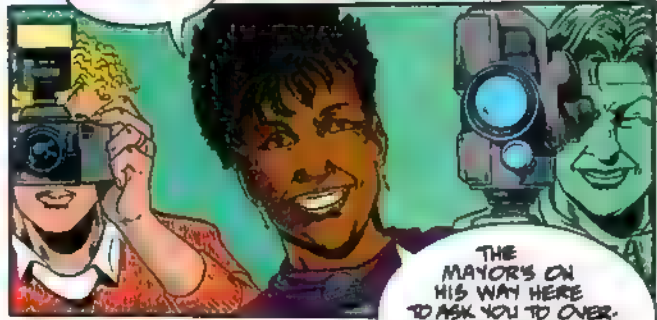
THINK I'D LET YOU LOOK AT IT IF I DIDN'T, HITCH?

NOT IN THIS LIFETIME. SO...WHAT NOW?

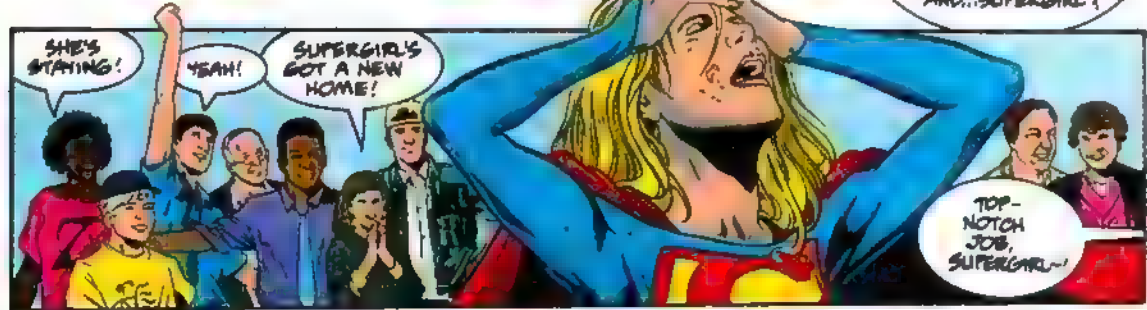
FOR ME? SLEEP, AS IN "LOTS OF."



SUPERGIRL!



THE MAYOR'S ON HIS WAY HERE TO ASK YOU TO OVERSEE THE POST-RAMMAGE CLEAN-UP PROJECT AND...SUPERGIRL?

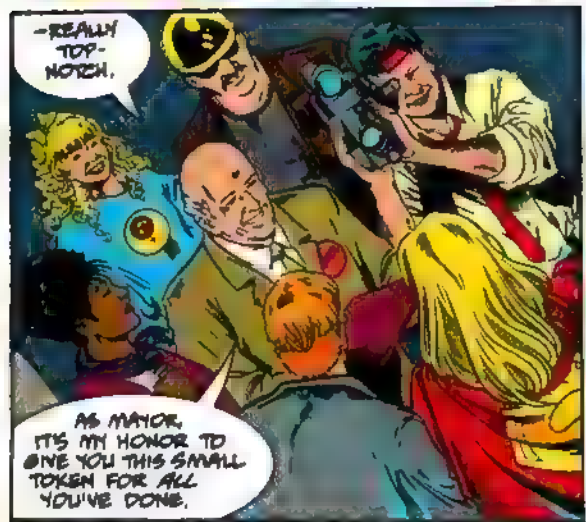


SHE'S SAYING!

YEAH!

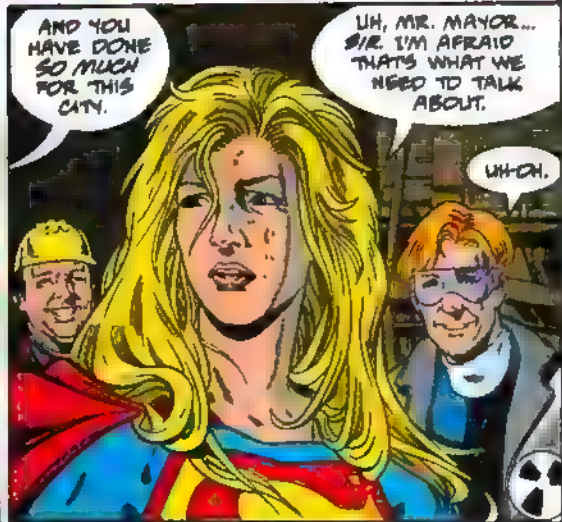
SUPERGIRL'S GOT A NEW HOME!

TOP-NOTCH JOB, SUPERGIRL!



-REALLY TOP-NOTCH.

AS MAYOR, IT'S MY HONOR TO GIVE YOU THIS SMALL TOKEN FOR ALL YOU'VE DONE.



AND YOU HAVE DONE SO MUCH FOR THIS CITY.

UH, MR. MAYOR... SIR, I'M AFRAID THAT'S WHAT WE NEED TO TALK ABOUT.

WHICH.



FIRST OF ALL,  
I WANT TO STRESS  
HOW MUCH I LIKE  
IT HERE. REALLY.  
THAT'S WHY I CAME  
BACK.

BUT I'M  
AFRAID YOU'VE  
ALL BECOME TOO  
DEPENDENT ON ME...  
TO THE POINT WHERE  
YOU'VE ENDANGERED  
YOURSELVES.

THE  
FIRE DEPARTMENT...  
THE POLICE  
DEPARTMENT...THEY'VE  
ALL STOPPED  
WORKING THIS PAST  
WEEK...AND I CAN'T  
BE EVERYWHERE  
AT ONCE.

YOU'RE  
ALL VERY CAPABLE  
PEOPLE. YOU NEED  
TO RELY ON YOUR  
OWN STRENGTHS.  
I'LL BE GLAD TO  
HELP WHEN I  
CAN, BUT-

I COULDN'T  
AGREE WITH YOU  
MORE, SUPERGIRL.  
NOW, IF YOU'LL  
OPEN THE BOX,

OH,  
IT'S...  
IT'S...

A SIGNAL  
DEVICE! AND  
WITH THIS  
YOU'LL NEVER  
MISS A CRISIS-  
EVER!

THAT  
IS, IF YOU'LL  
ACCEPT THE MANTLE  
AS CHARLOTTE'S  
FIRST, HONORARY,  
COSTUMED  
GUARDIAN...WHEN  
YOU'RE VISITING.  
THAT IS.

PSYCHE!

I...I  
DON'T KNOW  
WHAT TO  
SAY...

THIS  
IS ALL SO  
SWEET.  
THANK  
YOU!

AND THERE  
YOU HAVE IT, LADIES  
AND GENTLEMEN! A  
DAY'S WORK FOR THE  
GIRL OF STEEL, AND  
MAYBE A LITTLE LESSON  
FOR THE REST  
OF US.

WITH A  
SPECIAL THANKS TO  
TO SUPERGIRL...WE  
HOPE YOU COME BACK  
SOON-THIS IS CYNTHIA  
DRUM, NEWS 9--  
SIGNING OFF.





THERE'S A  
KILLER IN OPAL  
CITY.

BUT WE'RE  
NOT IN OPAL CITY  
TODAY.

THE KILLER HAS  
A POWER THROUGH  
WHICH HE SUMMONS  
A DEMON.

AND CENTRAL  
CITY WAS THE LAST  
PLACE THE KILLER  
AND HIS DEMON  
STAYED.

AND THAT'S  
WHERE WE  
ARE.

ALBERT BERNELL  
WAS THE LAST MAN IN  
TOWN TO SPEAK TO THE  
KILLER. HE HIRED HIM.  
IN FACT.

BERNELL HAD  
A FATHER, ONE  
OF THE WEALTHY  
KIND.

NOW ALBERT HAS THAT  
MONEY, AND THE MANSIONS  
AND WOMEN AND GUARDS.  
ALL THOSE WONDERFUL  
ACCESSORIES.

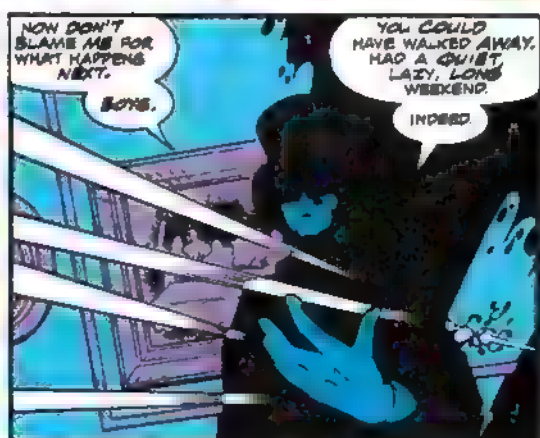
THOUGH NONE  
OF THIS IS DOING  
HIM MUCH GOOD  
AT PRESENT.

THE SHADOWY,  
SHADOWY MAN  
HAS ASKED HIS  
QUESTIONS AND  
GOTTEN HIS  
ANSWERS.

UNFORTUNATELY  
SOMETIMES  
SUCH A CAT  
CAN BE...

"OVERLY  
RIGOROUS."









...YOU CHOOSE OTHERWISE.

THE NEXT MINUTE...



...IS A  
DARK  
ONE.

# INCIDENT IN AN OLD HAUNT

WRITER  
JAMES ROBINSON  
PENCILLER & INKER  
WADE VON  
GRAWBADGER  
COLORIST  
DEBBIE MCKEEVER  
LETTERER  
CHIS ELIOPOULOS  
EDITOR  
CHUCK KIM

YOU  
HAVEN'T  
LOST YOUR  
MALICE,  
SHADE.











I DON'T  
KNOW IF I  
AGREE, THOUGH  
I THINK THERE  
IS POSSIBLY A  
DESIRE NOT TO  
DO BAD.



BUT WHERE  
DOES THAT LEAVE  
YOU AND ME?

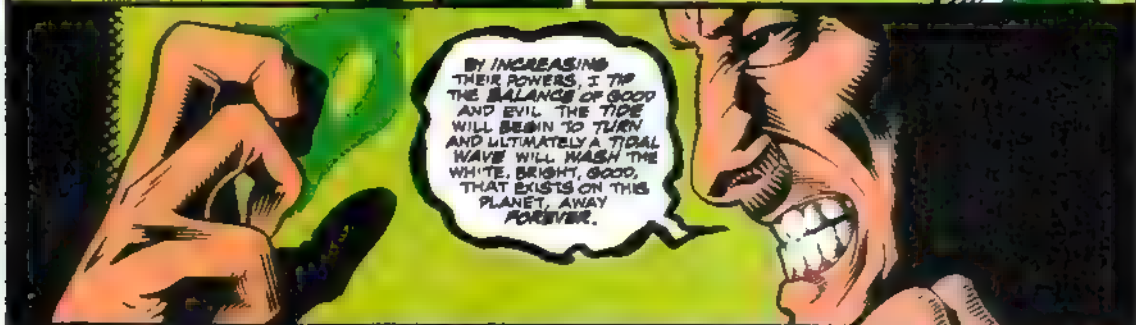


I INTEND TO  
MAKE THIS WORLD  
IN MY IMAGE.

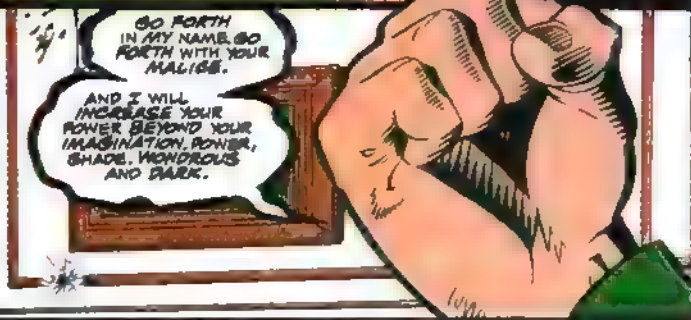


THERE ARE  
VILLAINS... SUPER-  
POWERED VILLAINS,  
BAD MEN WITH BRIGHT  
COSTUMES...

...OR  
DARK  
ONES.



BY INCREASING  
THEIR POWERS, I TIP  
THE BALANCE OF GOOD  
AND EVIL. THE TIDE  
WILL BEGIN TO TURN  
AND ULTIMATELY A TIDAL  
WAVE WILL WASH THE  
WHITE, BRIGHT, GOOD,  
THAT EXISTS ON THIS  
PLANET, AWAY  
FOREVER.



GO FORTH  
IN MY NAME. GO  
FORTH WITH YOUR  
MALICE.

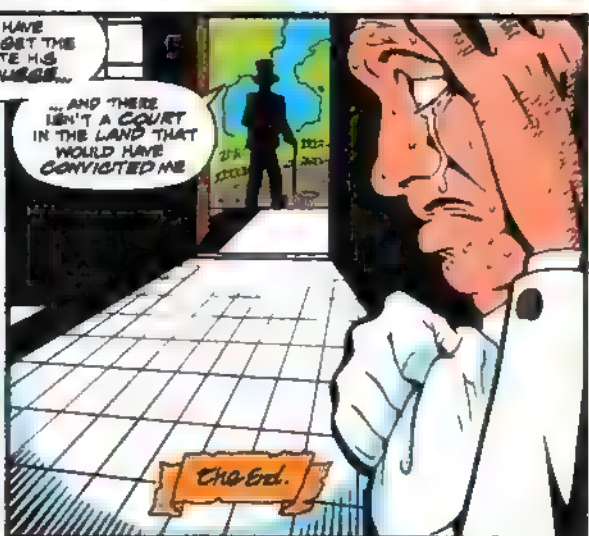
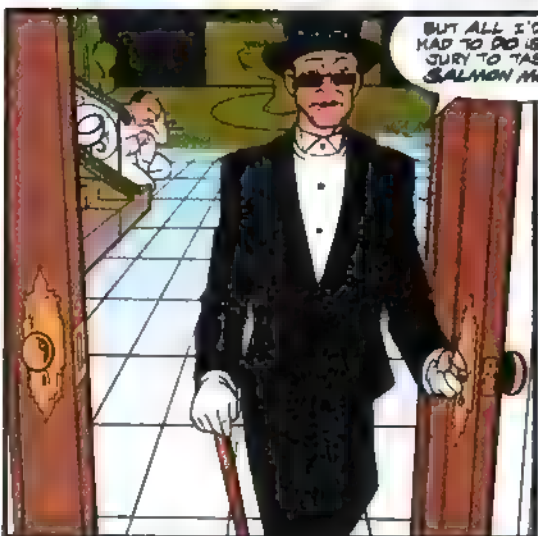
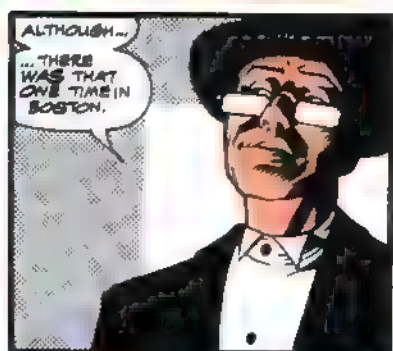
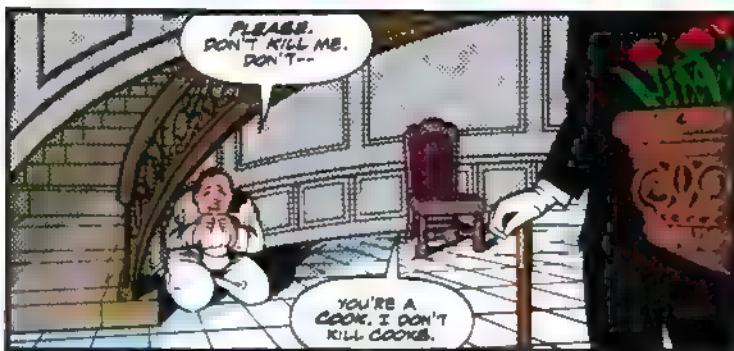
AND I WILL  
INCREASE YOUR  
POWER BEYOND YOUR  
IMAGINATION. POWER,  
SHADE, MONDROUS  
AND DARK.











# DREAM A LITTLE DREAM

by CHRIS  
CLAREMONT  
& ALAN  
DAVIS

SHE IS CALLED  
MAITRESSE

SHE IS ABSOLUTE RULER  
OF ALL SHE SURVEYS THE  
FORM AND SHAPE OF HER  
WORLD, AND EVERYTHING  
THAT LIVES UPON IT IS  
DETERMINED BY HER WILL.

WHICH IS WHY SHE CAN  
BE FORGIVEN A DOLLOP  
OF SURPRISE WHEN SHE  
SUDDENLY AWAKENS  
FROM A SOUND SLEEP

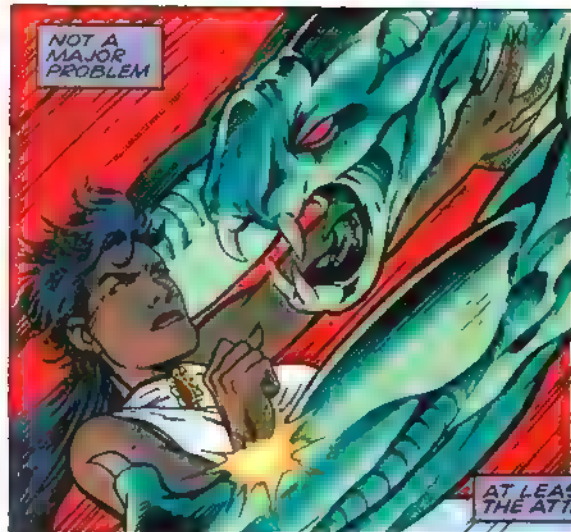
TO NOT ONLY FIND  
THAT HER CITADEL  
HAS VANISHED

BUT THAT SHE  
HERSELF IS  
UNDER ATTACK.

MARK FARMER INKER  
PAT PRENTICE LETTERER  
GLORIA VASQUEZ COLORIST  
CHRIS EADES EDITOR

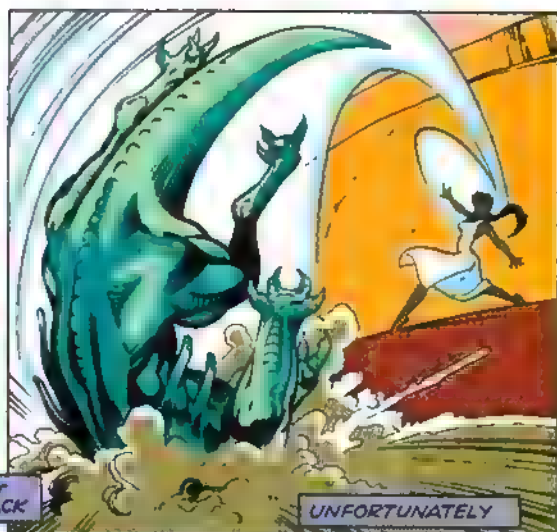
DARKSEID CREATED BY JACK KIRBY  
MAITRESSE CREATED BY CHRIS  
CLAREMONT & DWAYNE TURNER



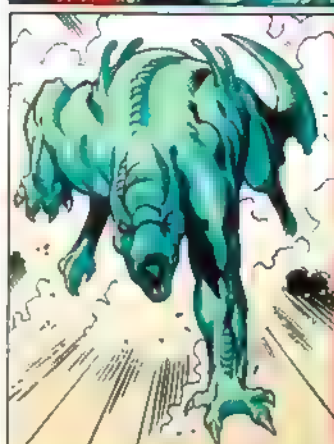


NOT A  
MAJOR  
PROBLEM

AT LEAST  
THE ATTACK



UNFORTUNATELY



I SENSE NO  
COHERENT  
THOUGHTS

THE  
BEAST MUST  
BE A MINDLESS  
ENGINE OF  
DESTRUCTION



NO MATTER MY  
POWERS ARE  
MORE THAN  
SUFFICIENT  
TO STOP IT  
IN ITS



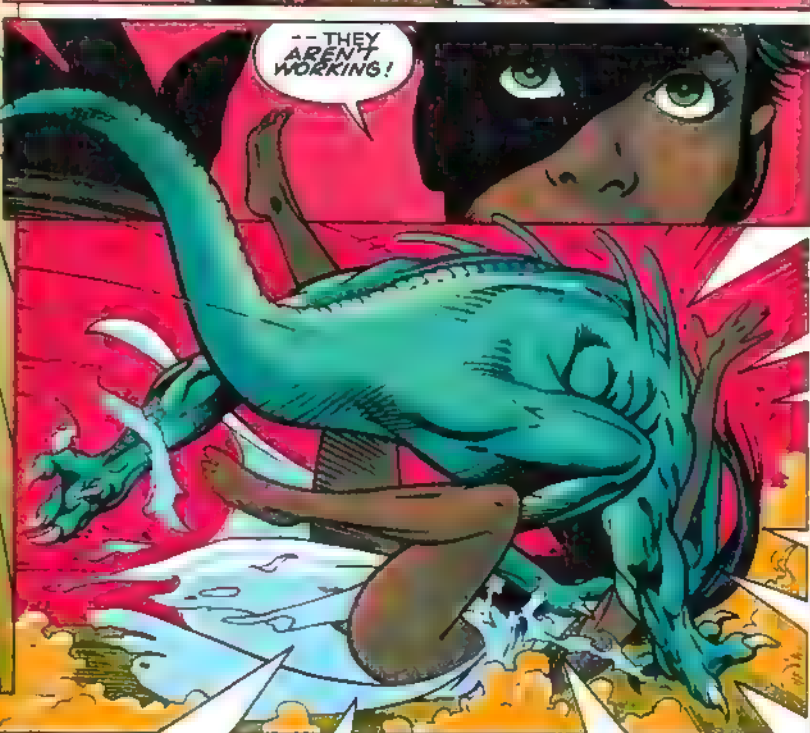
... TRACKS

!?!

MY  
POWERS--



THE  
CREATURE  
DOESN'T  
TAKE THE  
HINT



-- THEY  
AREN'T  
WORKING!

FOR THE FIRST  
TIME SINCE HER  
DAUGHTER'S  
BIRTH

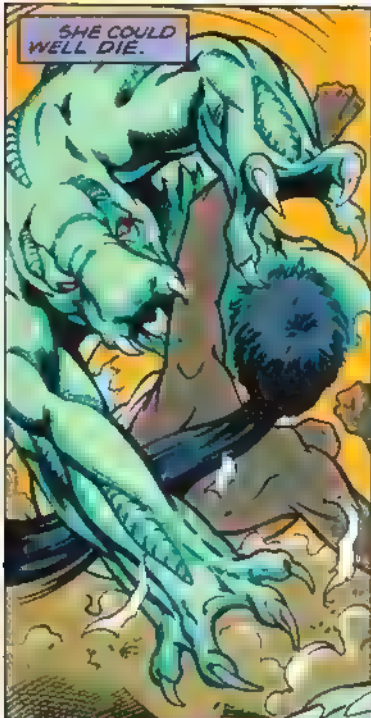
MAITRESSE  
FEELS TRUE  
PHYSICAL  
PAIN.

SHE TASTES THE  
HOT METALLIC  
COPPER OF HER  
OWN BLOOD.

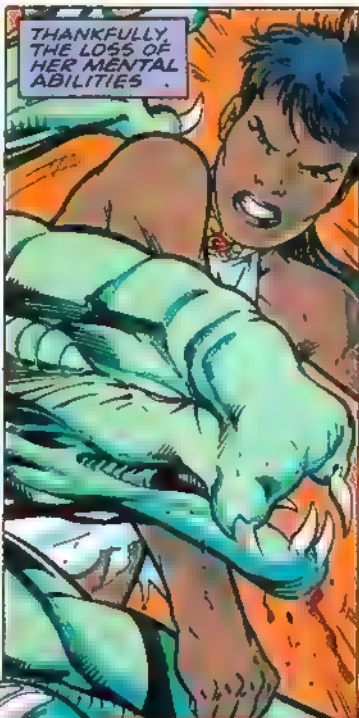
AND REALIZES --  
ANOTHER SURPRISE--  
THAT IN THIS PLACE  
OF UTTER AND PRIMAL  
DESOLATION...



SHE COULD  
WELL DIE.



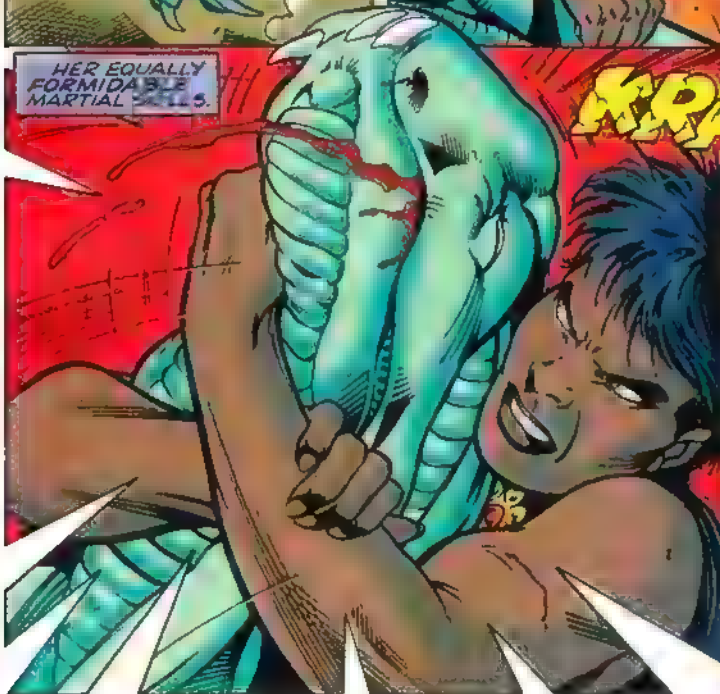
THANKFULLY  
THE LOSS OF  
HER MENTAL  
ABILITIES



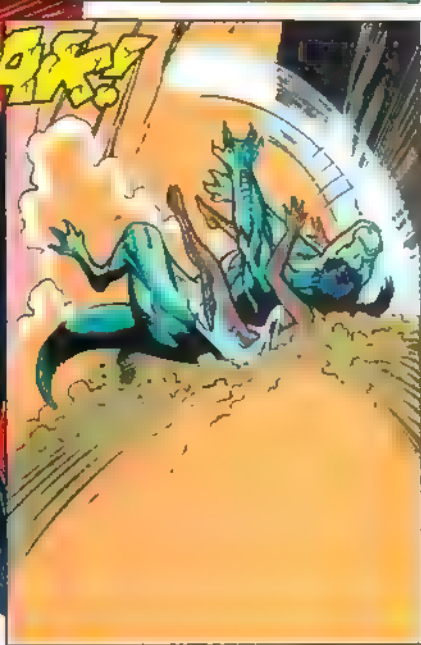
HAS NOT  
DIMINISHED IN  
THE SLIGHTEST...



HER EQUALLY  
FORMIDABLE  
MARTIAL



KRAK!







WHAT A WEIGHT!

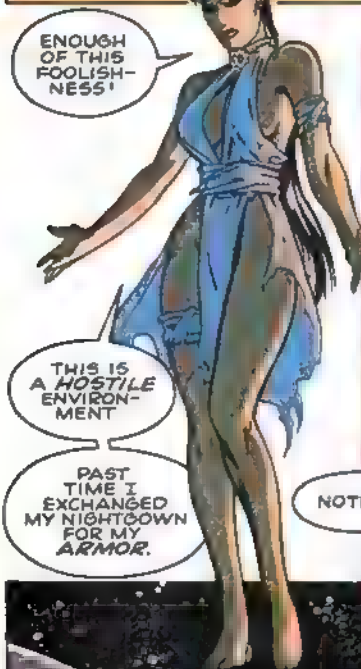
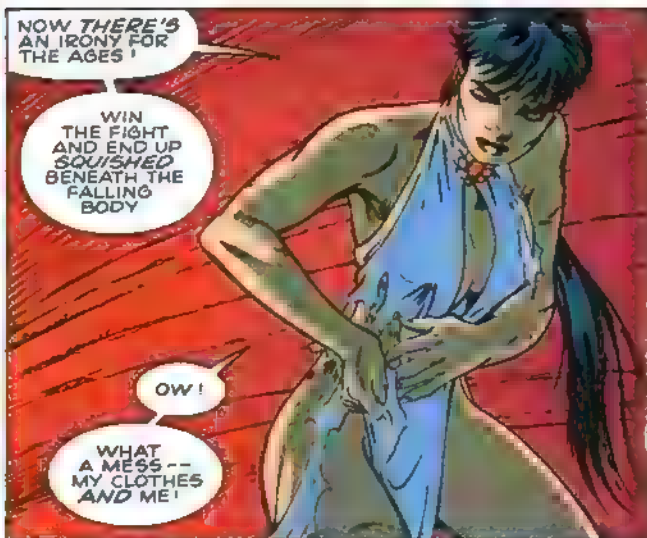
GET OFF ME, YOU WRETCHED LUMP!

NOW THERE'S AN IRONY FOR THE AGES!

WIN THE FIGHT AND END UP SQUISHED BENEATH THE FALLING BODY

OW!

WHAT A MESS -- MY CLOTHES AND ME!



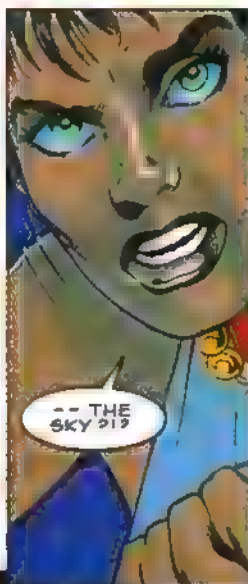
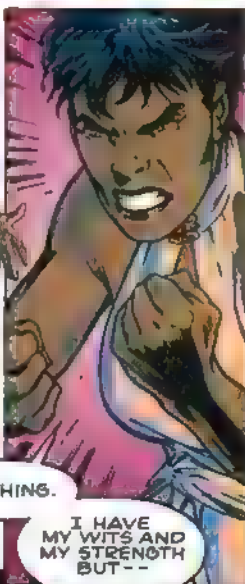
ENOUGH OF THIS FOOLISHNESS!

THIS IS A HOSTILE ENVIRONMENT

PAST TIME I EXCHANGED MY NIGHTGOWN FOR MY ARMOR.

NOTHING.

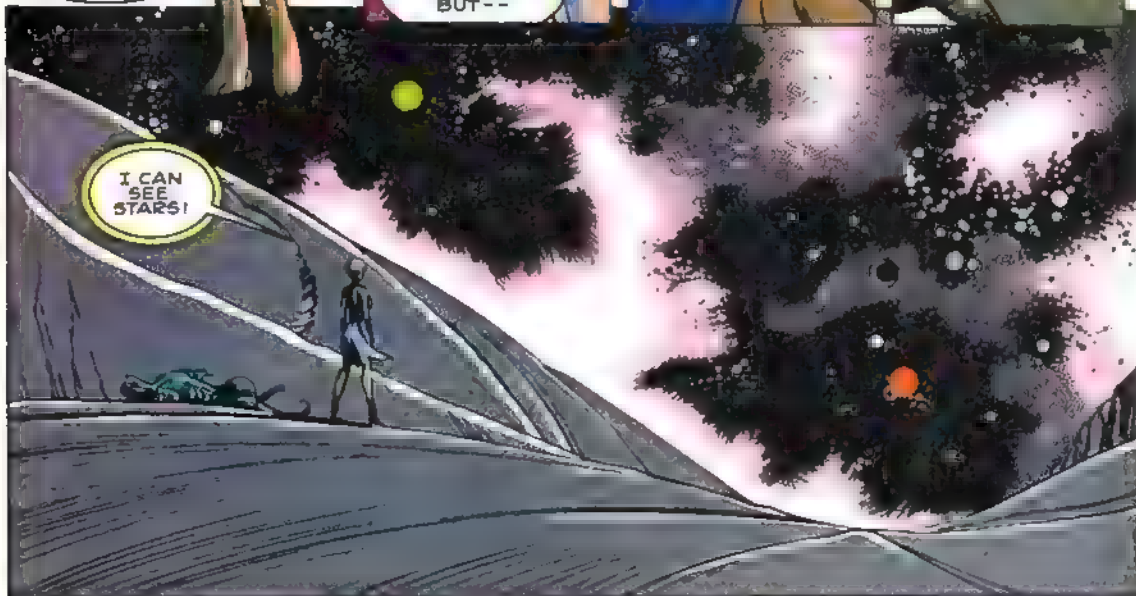
I HAVE MY WITS AND MY STRENGTH BUT --



-- THE SKY 212



I CAN SEE THE SKY!



I CAN SEE STARS!



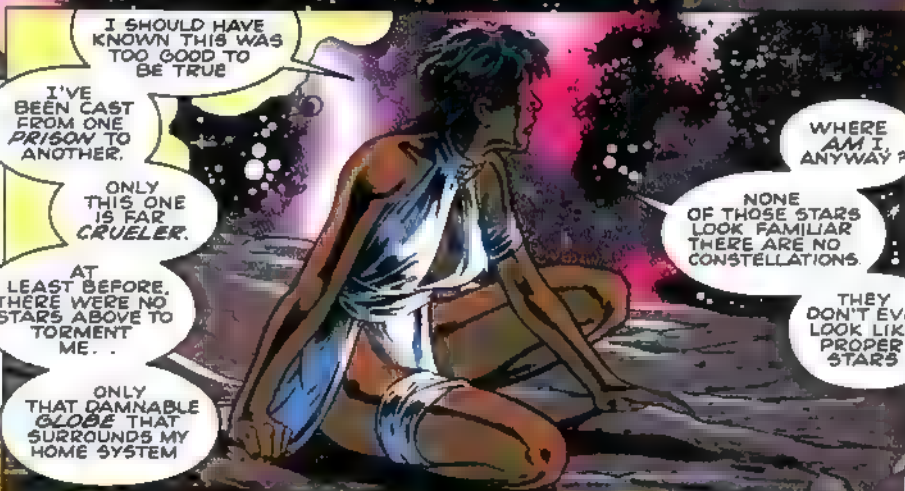
I'M  
FREE!

HER FIRST  
IMPULSE  
IS TO FLY.



TOO LATE SHE  
REALIZES

THIS POWER  
IS ALSO LOST  
TO HER



I SHOULD HAVE  
KNOWN THIS WAS  
TOO GOOD TO  
BE TRUE

I'VE  
BEEN CAST  
FROM ONE  
PRISON TO  
ANOTHER.

ONLY  
THIS ONE  
IS FAR  
CRUELER.

AT  
LEAST BEFORE,  
THERE WERE NO  
STARS ABOVE TO  
TORMENT  
ME...

ONLY  
THAT DAMNABLE  
GLOBE THAT  
SURROUNDS MY  
HOME SYSTEM

WHERE  
AM I,  
ANYWAY?

NONE  
OF THOSE STARS  
LOOK FAMILIAR  
THERE ARE NO  
CONSTELLATIONS

THEY  
DON'T EVEN  
LOOK LIKE  
PROPER  
STARS



AND  
WHAT POWER IS  
GREAT ENOUGH TO  
STEAL ME FROM MY  
CITADEL AND MY  
WORLD--

-- WITHOUT  
WARNING AND  
AGAINST MY  
WILL?

HMNH!

THIS  
ISN'T A  
NATURAL  
SLOPE--

-- SOME-  
THING'S  
BURIED  
HERE!







WELL!

THE  
PSYCHON-  
WAVE  
AMPLIFIER.

A DESPERATE  
GAMBLE -- ALL  
OR NOTHING

BUT NO LESS  
THAN I WOULD EXPECT  
UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES  
THAT'S HOW HE SPIRITED  
ME PAST THE GREAT  
BARRIER.

THE PSYCHON-  
WAVE ABSORBS  
THE ESSENCE  
OF PRIMAL  
MEMORIES



THAT  
MEANS I  
WASN'T STOLEN  
FROM MY BED



I WAS  
SUMMONED

FOCUSING THEIR  
ENERGIES THROUGH ITS  
AUGMENTATION SYSTEMS  
UNTIL THEY TAKE ON  
COHERENT, TANGIBLE  
FORM

IN THAT  
WAY, A BEING  
OF IMAGINATION  
CAN BECOME  
REAL.

I AM HIS  
DESIRE MADE  
FLESH.



IF  
SUFFICIENT  
POWER REMAINS  
FROM ITS LAST  
USE

I CAN  
DRAW THE  
RESONANCES  
INTO MY-  
SELF

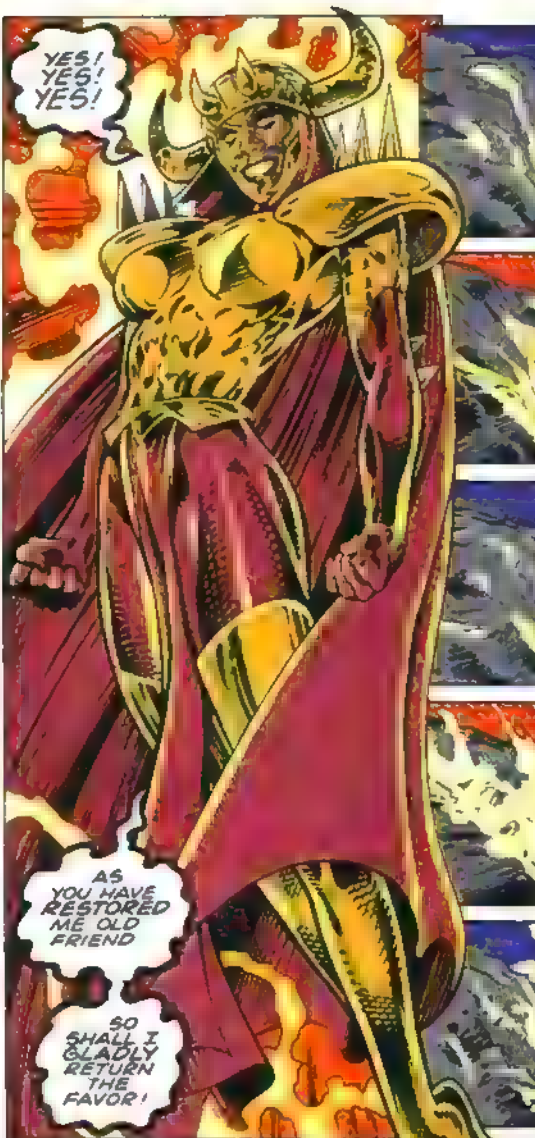
AND  
USE THEM TO  
REENERGE  
MY OWN  
POWER!



TO MAITRESSE

THIS IS  
GLORY...

AS THE  
PASSION OF  
CREATION  
SURGES  
THROUGH  
BODY AND  
SOUL



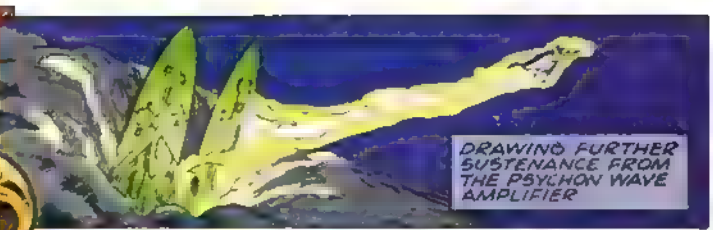
YES!  
YES!  
YES!

AS  
YOU HAVE  
RESTORED  
ME OLD  
FRIEND

SO  
SHALL I  
GLADLY  
RETURN  
THE  
FAVOR!

TO SET HIM FREE  
WILL TAKE ALL MY  
NEW-WON POWER

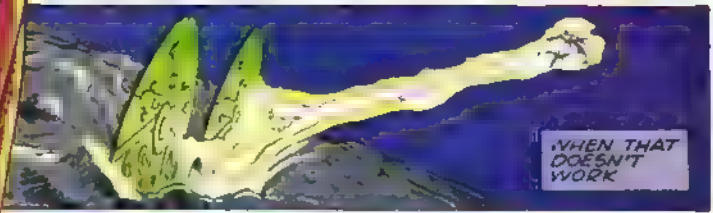
BUT THAT  
WILL SEVER THE  
BONDS THAT  
ANCHOR ME TO  
THIS PLANE AND  
CAST ME BACK  
TO MY OWN  
PRISON



DRAWING FURTHER  
SUSTENANCE FROM  
THE PSYCHON WAVE  
AMPLIFIER



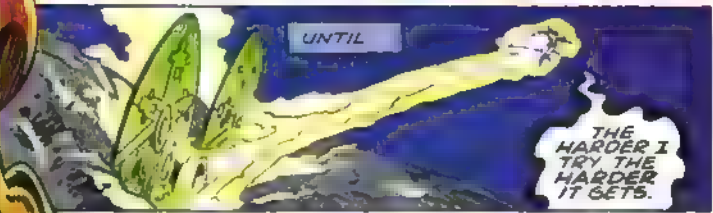
MAITRESSE SCYTHES A  
CUTTING BOLT ACROSS THE  
LANDSCAPE BEFORE HER



WHEN THAT  
DOESN'T  
WORK

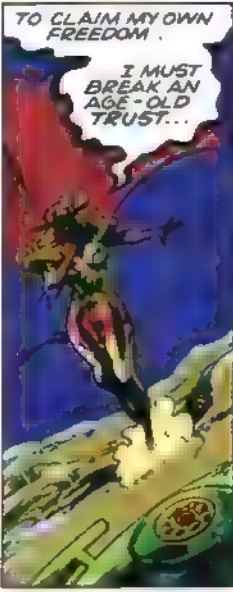


SHE REDOUBLES  
HER EFFORTS AND  
TRIES AGAIN AND  
AGAIN AND AGAIN



UNTIL

THE  
HARDER I  
TRY THE  
HARDER  
IT GETS.



TO CLAIM MY OWN  
FREEDOM

I MUST  
BREAK AN  
AGE-OLD  
TRUST...



AND  
CONDEMN  
MY FRIEND



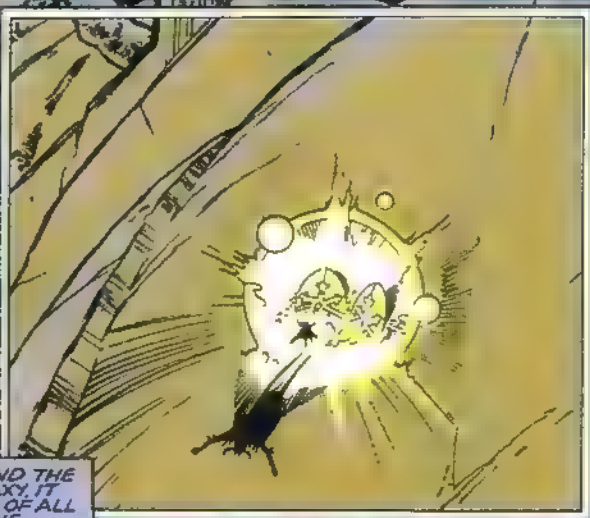
SHE'S  
TEMPTED.

**DARKSEID!**



BUT THIS  
IS THE  
**WALL.**

LOCATED FAR BEYOND THE  
PROMETHEAN GALAXY, IT  
STANDS AT THE END OF ALL  
THINGS -- WHERE THE  
LIGHTS SHE BEHELD IN THE  
SKY WERE NOT INDIVIDUAL  
STARS BUT WHOLE GALAXIES.





IT IS THE ALPHA AND THE OMEGA,  
BEYOND WHICH LIES THE SOURCE,  
THAT HEARTLAND OF CREATION  
THAT REMAINS UNKNOWABLE  
AND INEFFABLE EVEN TO GODS.

IT IS THE GATEWAY TO TRANSCENDENCE,  
WHERE THE PHYSICAL UNIVERSE MERGES  
WITH THE DOMAINS OF IMAGINATION AND  
THE SPIRIT. IT IS THE SPRINGBOARD TO  
INFINITY, WHERE ALL BECOMES POSSIBLE.

... AND WHERE NOT SO LONG AGO THE  
LORD OF DREAD APOKOLIPS TRIED TO  
BEND THE POWER OF THE SOURCE TO  
HIS OWN ENDS AND THEREBY CLAIM  
DOMINION OVER THE ENTIRE COSMOS.

FOR THAT ULTIMATE HUBRIS, HE, LIKE  
THE LEGENDARY PROMETHEAN GIANTS  
OF ANTIQUITY, PAID THE ULTIMATE  
PRICE AND JOINED THEM UPON THE  
WALL, TO REMAIN IMPRISONED FOR  
THE WHOLE OF ETERNITY.

UNLIKE THEM,  
HE HAS A  
CHAMPION.



SHE KNOWS HOW OTHERS JUDGE HIM, THIS CREATURE OF SUPREME AMBITION AND ARROGANCE. THAT SUCH EVIL IS BEST LEFT IN CHAINS.

SHE'S HEARD MUCH THE SAME SAID OF HER, BY HER OWN CHILD.

IT MAY WELL BE TRUE.

BUT SHE HAS ALSO COME TO LEARN, OVER THE COURSE OF HER LIFETIME, THE COST OF A HEART'S DESIRE, EVEN ONE THAT APPEARS MOST NOBLE.

AND LEARNED IN THE BARGAIN, THERE IS A LINE SHE WILL NOT CROSS, A PRICE SHE WILL NOT PAY.

FOR  
NEAL POZNER

IT IS HER CODE OF HONOR, PERSONAL, PRIVATE, EXCLUSIVE.

BUT HONOR NONETHELESS.

IN THAT MOST HALLOWED AND ANCIENT PLACE, AT THAT MOMENT, IT WAS IMPORTANT TO HER THAT SHE REMAIN FAITHFUL TO IT.

THE DEED IS DONE, A FRIEND SAVED, OLD OBLIGATIONS FULFILLED.

AS FOR THE REST SHE'LL LEAVE IT WHERE IT BELONGS...

...IN THE HANDS OF FATE.



# CASE STUDIES

Dear Jason,

With Issue #8 having just hit the stands, we're now done with two-thirds of the 1995 edition of **SHOWCASE**. So far, it has definitely been an above-average experience, and in that light, I can only look forward to the final four installments.

As for this very issue's installments, the second part of the **Mongul** feature was perhaps an even more interesting read than the first chapter of this story already was. While that first part served more as an introduction to the situation, this time around **Mongul** wasn't taking no crap from nobody, claiming a whole world and its entire populace as his servants. He was the one to decide about life and death, and about the when, where, and how. His word was the law people would have to live by. If not, they die. Simple as that.

This was turning out to be a fine piece of work, but the twist came when **Mongul** faced a virus killing his servants. This surely made the tale even more intriguing than it already had been, but on that final page, where he finds two survivors, the tingles were truly climbing up my very spine in sheer horror. Definitely one helluva piece of work here. Wow!!

The **Arsenal** feature was kinda fun, actually much to my initial expectations. I mean, I like the guy over at the Titans, and his past makes him quite an intriguing and complex character, but solo adventures? I didn't think so. Well, that opinion needs fixing, because I actually loved this short story here. Okay, it was simple, straightforward and not truly novel in its approach, but it's the warm, feel-good ending that really counts. And besides, the artwork by David Zimmermann truly surprised me as well, its clear lines giving the tale much depth.

Finally, **The Spectre**. Ah yes. Although I've only just started collecting his own monthly mag, I feel as though I've been reading his adventures since day one. This issue's installment about the green and white not-quite hero only enhanced that feeling as John Ostrander once more showcased his superb talents (that's probably why you guys named this book **SHOWCASE**, right?).

The Spectre's unexpected trip inside Genevieve's mind, experiencing

everything she has ever felt since she became a vampire, truly was a very intriguing plot twist, and it has set the stage for a storyline that will run in the Spectre's own book. What can I say to that, other than: sounds absolutely great to me!

Yes, this was one of those issues again. Nothing but a straight A! Well done, fellas.

Olav Beemer  
The Netherlands

**Well, thanks for the good grade, Olav. By now you've seen the final four installments, and I hope you're just as happy. Did you catch that those two survivors at the end are actually Mongul's children? So now we know whatever happens to Mongul, those two tykes are out there somewhere...**

\*\*\*

Dear Jason,

I'll skip the obligatory Hamlet joke and move right on to this: Could anybody out there recognize Dan Jurgens as this month's cover penciller on **SHOWCASE** '95? Talk about a face that only a mother could love (**Mongul**, that is, not Dan). **Mongul** always seemed to be a second-rate Darkseid to me, with their similar dreams of grandeur (just witness the statue on page 4), not to mention their use of fear.

But this issue has highlighted a fundamental difference between the two: while Darkseid would never dream of getting his own hands dirty, **Mongul** would not have it any other way. And while Darkseid is becoming a bit stale as a character, I actually find myself rooting for **Mongul**... I even wish he had succeeded in building a new Warworld. The art, as with last issue, was perfectly crisp and suitable for the story.

Having collected only the **SUPERMAN** line over the past couple of years, I've been out of the loop in regard to the rest of the DC Universe. In fact it wasn't until I read the Cheshire comment on page 28 that I finally realized who **Arsenal** actually was. And for some strange reason, I thought Checkmate was defunct... Why I read **SHOWCASE**, reason #18: updates. The story itself was rather

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simple, however, with art to back it up. David Zimmermann and Fred Fredericks made me feel like I was reading an Archie comic at times.

In "Sunken Beauty," John Ostrander wrote a very convincing argument for the continued existence of vampires. And for the first time in my comics-reading experience, the hero's counterargument failed to justify the actions taken against sold vampire (nice try, Spectre). And I see Tom Mandrake has found a character he truly belongs on with some very Gene-Colan-like art. But wait—page 37, last panel: is that Firestorm?

Chris Hines  
Turro, NS

**Alas, poor Chris Hines, we knew him... Well, it looks like we know him better than he knows Firestorm, anyway. No, that was just the Spectre in his orange justice-rendering mode, but for more on Firestorm, check out the pages of EXTREME JUSTICE!**

\*\*\*

#### Dear Case Studies,

I must admit that with the recent GREEN LANTERN and FLASH appearances, I thought the Mongul story (which concluded this issue) might be a step or two in the direction of overkill (no pun intended). I was wrong — the conclusion of this tale left me with many questions about our yellow-skinned tyrant, which in itself is a good sign that Mongul hasn't been overused.

The questions I mentioned center around Mongul's children and how he will manage to raise them and how long it will take for them to mature. It is obvious from his speech that Mongul is well-educated, but does this education extend to child-rearing? Will the children tend towards Mongul's malevolence? Will they receive an education themselves or will Mongul prefer to keep them as stupid as possible? I must admit

that I was appalled by Mongul's savagery (as intended), but I found his perception of events almost incomprehensible. The perfect example of this is the thoughts Mongul displays about what a waste all the virus-induced deaths were and how sickening the smell of burning flesh was (compared to, say, crusted heads?)

"Lian's Present" was an interesting story, but frankly I'm not sure I see the point of it all. Don't get me wrong — the narrative was clear enough, but why Arsenal for this rescue? Despite my misgivings, I must admit that being allowed inside Roy's head to see what he's thinking of a mission was interesting.

"Sunken Beauty" was an excellent read, as most Spectre tales are. Again I found myself surprised by the turn of events in this story (as in the others), although in this case, the surprise was more profound. The Spectre appears to have been profoundly lacking in essential information here — a shortcoming that allowed Genevieve Dumond to easily ensnare and torment him. Something equally confusing was the way the Spectre freed himself, as though he could've done so at any time. Perhaps he chose to endure the torment to more clearly judge the facts as they were? Nice job overall — kudos all 'round!!

Gregory Kenfield  
Harrison Township, MI

**Mongul's children are actually enrolled right now, as I write this, in one of the most prestigious institutions in space. So watch out if you see two bald yellow tykes; don't mess with them!**

**All right, that's all we got for you in '95!**

**Jason Hernandez-Rosenblatt  
—DC's resident bald yellow tyke**



*That may be all for '95, but we've got more coming at you in '96...*

*SHOWCASE '96 #1 features part one of a two-part story featuring Steel and Guy Gardner: Warrior. More is revealed about their shared past as they take on Sledge and a mystery man who has been plaguing Warrior's past in a story by Beau Smith, Sergio Cariello and Rob Leigh. Also see Terrible Turpin in a knock-down drag-out fight with a demon in a tale of the Metropolis S.C.U. brought to you by Scot Ciencin and Roger Robinson. And last, but not least, where has Aqualad been all this time? Find out in a tidal wave of a story by Phil Jimenez!*